The original

Fresh Kidz

#1

Komix

BY M.J. McGURK

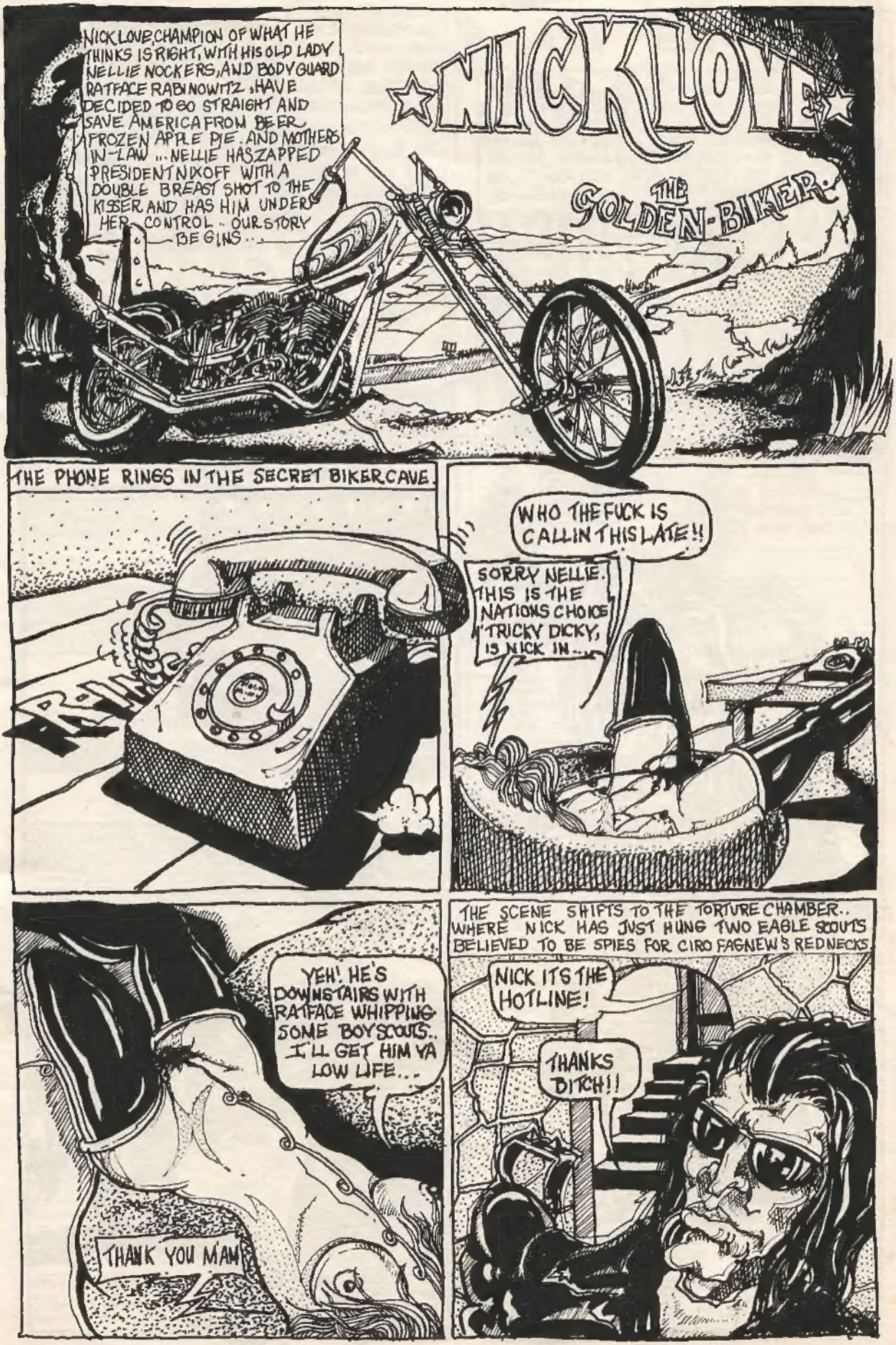
ARTS

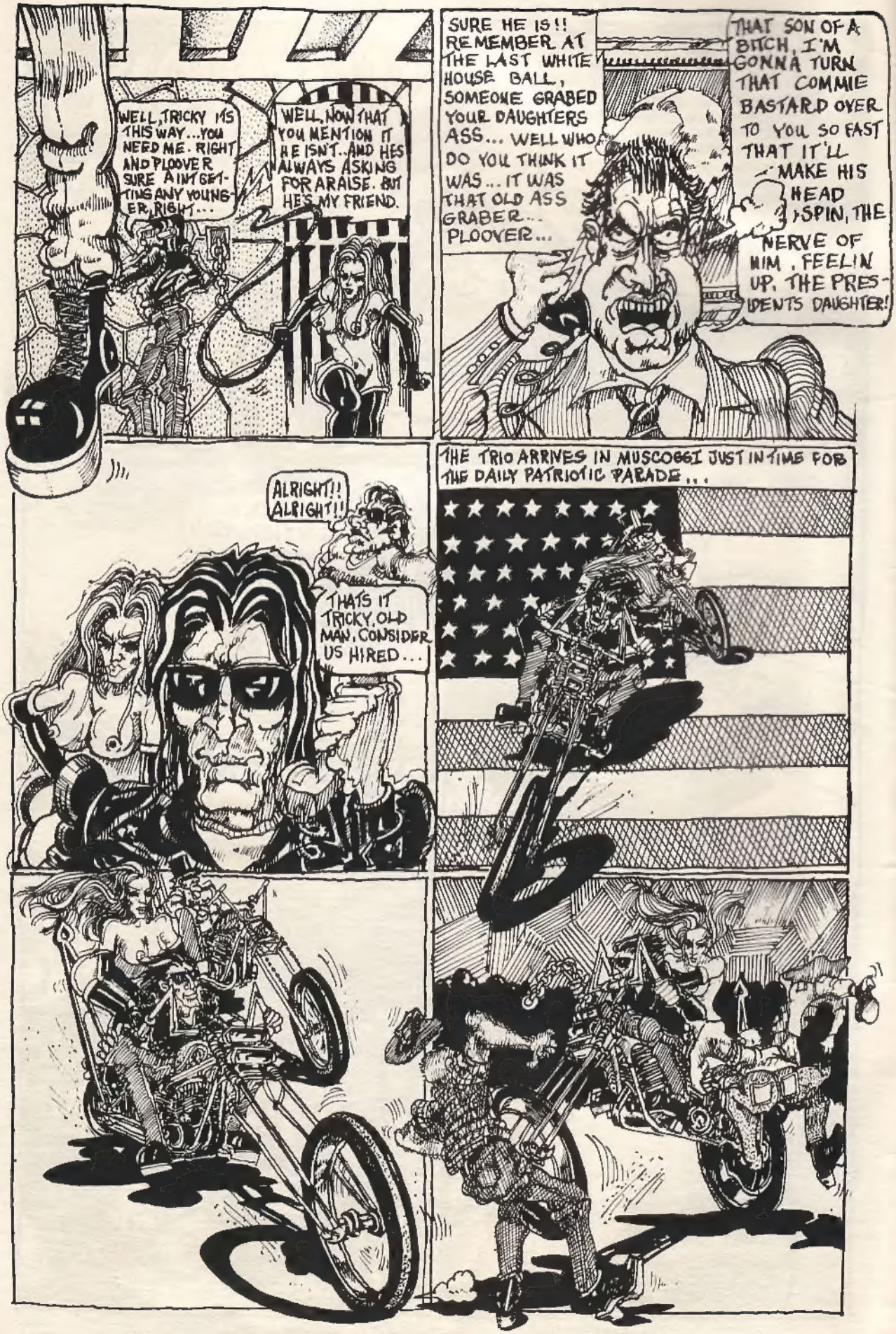
R. STEINTZ

MELODIES

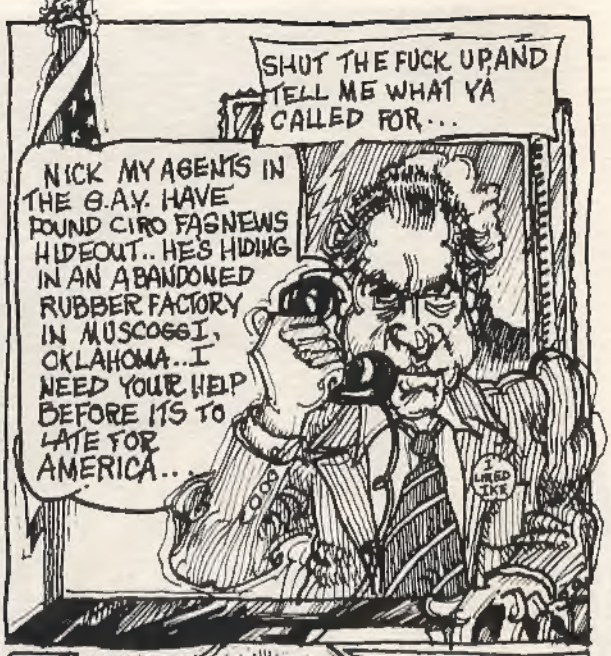
LYRICS

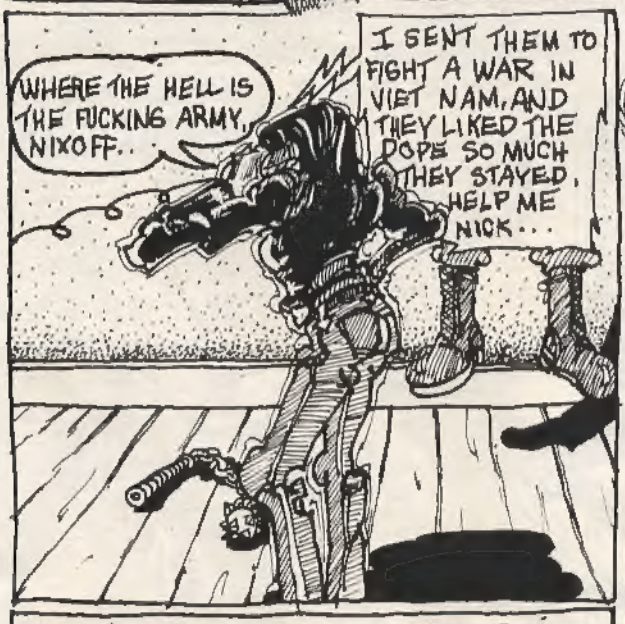
KOMMA-KAZI KOMICS © 1972 BY M.J. McGURL AND R. STEINITZ, PUBLISHED IN "THE BIGAPPLE", BY STARFLOWER INC. 45 FIRST AVE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, THIS PUBLICATION IS FOR ADULTS ONLY, ANY RESEMBLENCE TO THOSE LIVING, OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR OBVIOUS SATIRIC EXCEPTION, IS... JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS...P.S. ADRIENNE MADE US DO IT!

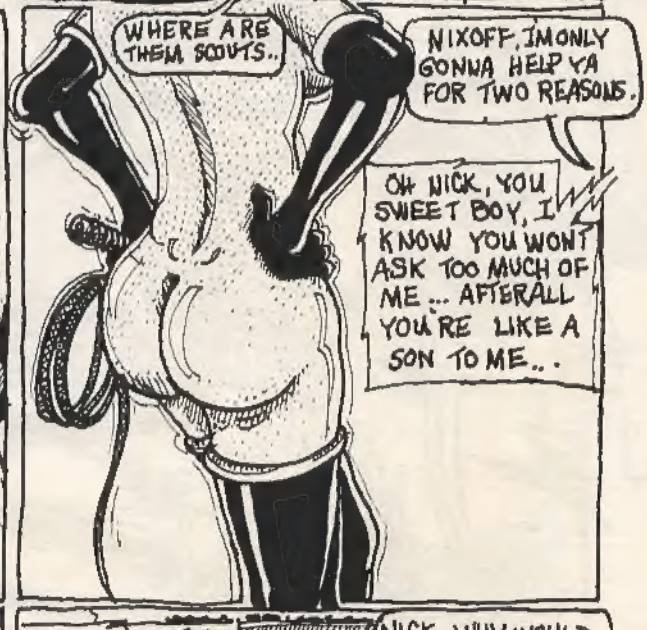

NICK LOVE, CHAMPION OF WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT, WITH HIS OLD LADY NELLIE NOCKERS, AND BODYGUARD RATFACE RABINOWITZ, HAVE DECIDED TO GO STRAIGHT AND SAVE AMERICA FROM BEER, FROZEN APPLE PIE, AND MOTHERS IN-LAW... NELLIE HAS ZAPPED PRESIDENT NIXOFF WITH A DOUBLE BREAST SHOT TO THE KISSER AND HAS HIM UNDER HER CONTROL... OUR STORY BEGINS...
NICK LOVE
THE GOLDEN-BIKER
THE PHONE RINGS IN THE SECRET BIKER CAVE.
RING
WHO THE FUCK IS CALLIN THIS LATE!!
SORRY NELLIE. THIS IS THE NATIONS CHOICE "TRICKY DICKY," IS NICK IN...
YEH! HE'S DOWNSTAIRS WITH RATFACE WHIPPING SOME BOY SCOUTS.. I'LL GET HIM YA LOW LIFE...
THANK YOU MAM
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER.. WHERE NICK HAS JUST HUNG TWO EAGLE SCOUTS BELIEVED TO BE SPIES FOR CIRO FAGNEW'S REDNECKS
NICK ITS THE HOTLINE!
THANKS BITCH!!


WELL, TRICKY IS THIS WAY... YOU NEED ME. RIGHT AND PLOOVER SURE AIN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER, RIGHT...
WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT HE ISN'T.. AND HES ALWAYS ASKING FOR A RAISE. BUT HE'S MY FRIEND.
SURE HE IS!! REMEMBER AT THE LAST WHITE HOUSE BALL, SOMEONE GRABED YOUR DAUGHTERS ASS... WELL WHO DO YOU THINK IT WAS... IT WAS THAT OLD ASS GRABER... PLOOVER...
THAT SON OF A BITCH, I'M GONNA TURN THAT COMMIE BASTARD OVER TO YOU SO FAST THAT IT'LL MAKE HIS HEAD SPIN, THE NERVE OF HIM, FEELIN UP, THE PRESIDENTS DAUGHTER!
ALRIGHT!! ALRIGHT!!
THATS IT TRICKY, OLD MAN, CONSIDER US HIRED...
THE TRIO ARRIVES IN MUSCOGGI JUST IN TIME FOR THE DAILY PATRIOTIC PARADE...

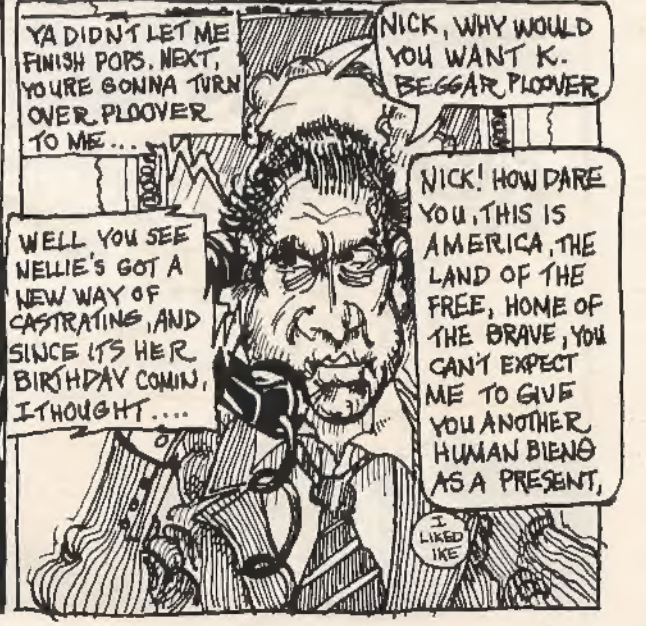
SORRY NICK, MY WIFE PROMISED TO INCREASE MY ALLOWANCE NEXT WEEK SO IF....
WHAT D YA WANT NOW, I CANT GET YA ANY MORE OF THEM HOPPED UP, GIRL SCOUT COOKIES 'TILL YA PAY FOR THE LAST BATCH...

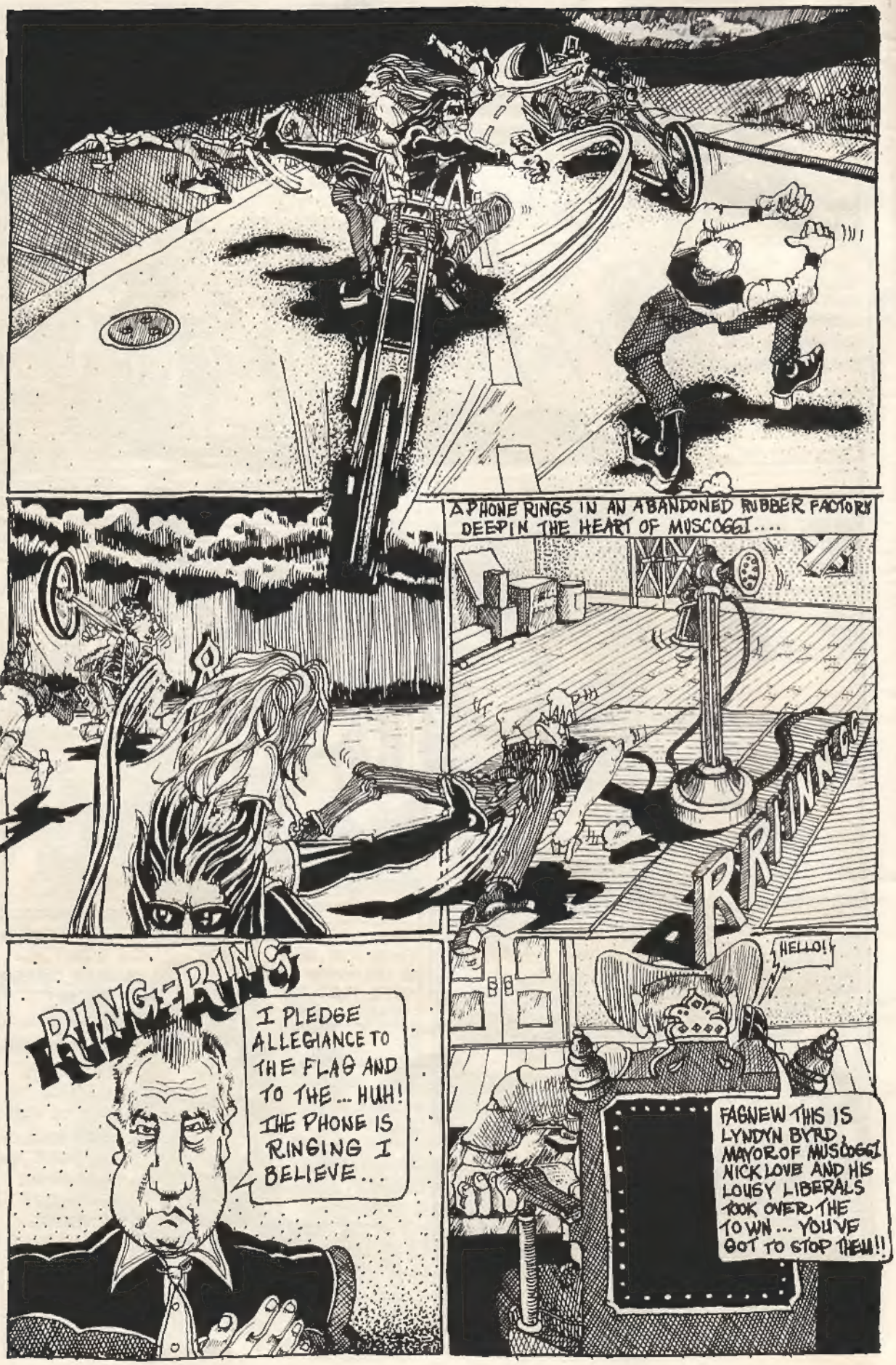

SHUT THE FUCK UP AND TELL ME WHAT YA CALLED FOR...
NICK MY AGENTS IN THE G.A.Y. HAVE FOUND CIRO FAGNEWS HIDEOUT.. HE'S HIDING IN AN ABANDONED RUBBER FACTORY IN MUSCOGGI, OKLAHOMA..I NEED YOUR HELP BEFORE ITS TO LATE FOR AMERICA...
I LIKED IKE

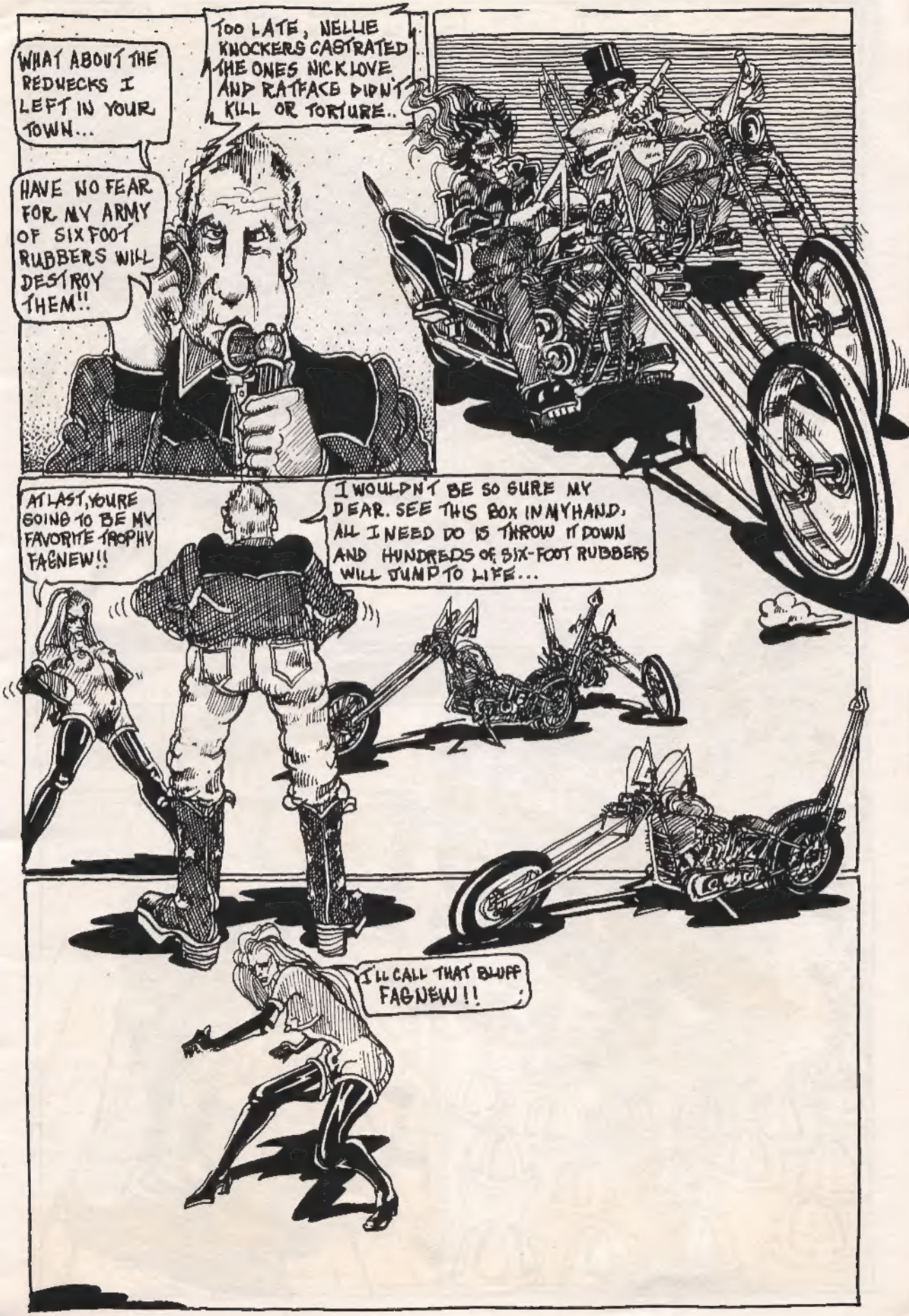

WHERE THE HELL IS THE FUCKING ARMY, NIXOFF..
I SENT THEM TO FIGHT A WAR IN VIET NAM, AND THEY LIKED THE DOPE SO MUCH THEY STAYED, HELP ME NICK...


WHERE ARE THEM SCOUTS..
NIXOFF, I MONLY GONNA HELP YA FOR TWO REASONS.
OH NICK, YOU SWEET BOY, I KNOW YOU WONT ASK TOO MUCH OF ME... AFTERALL YOU'RE LIKE A SON TO ME...

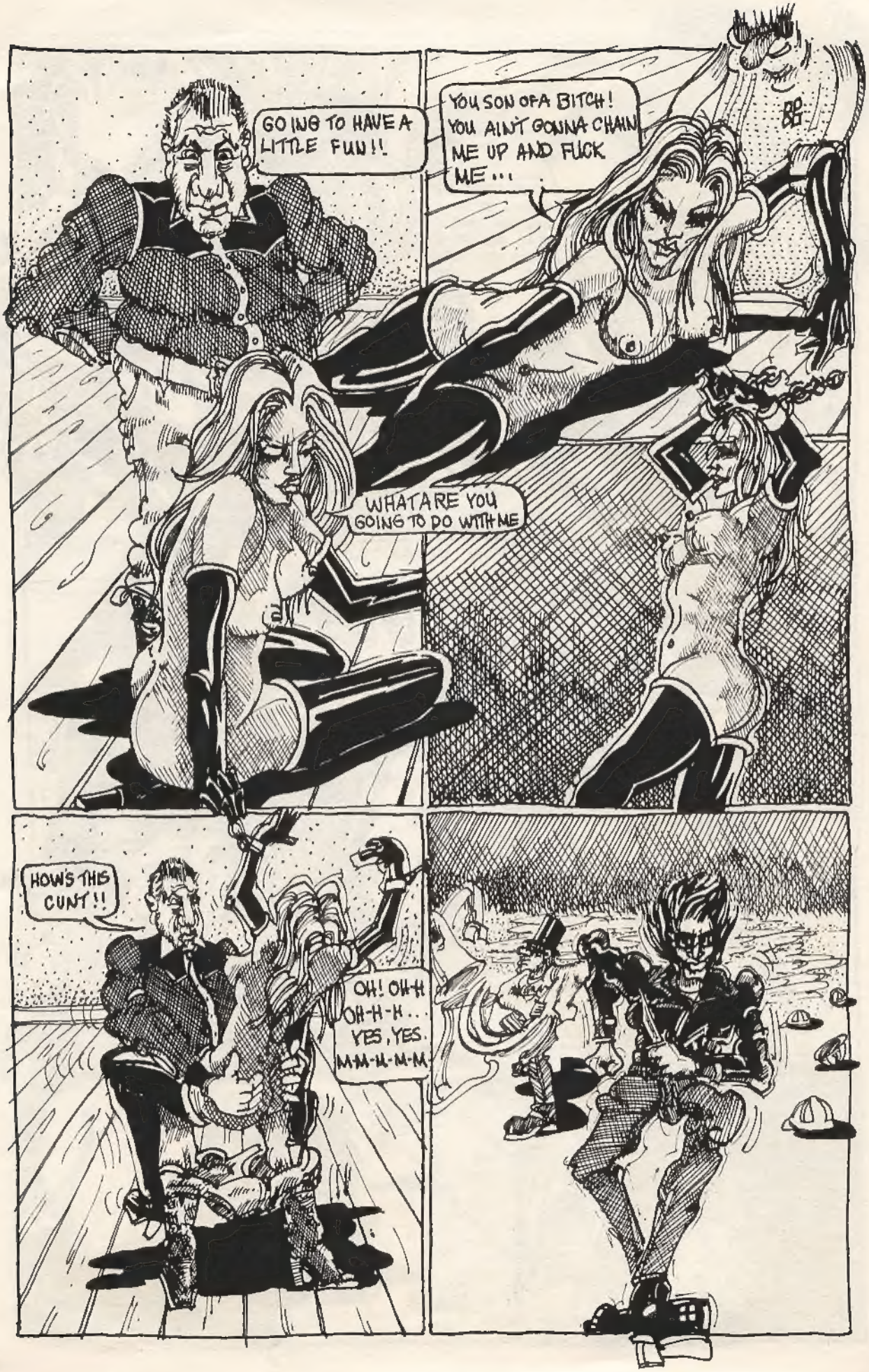
HEH NICKY, NELLIE WANTS TA CASTRATE 'DEM TWO SCOUTS WE RIPPED UP.. HUH?
CUT THE SHIT NIXOFF, FIRST YOURE GONNA HAVE K. BEGAR PLOOVER TURNOVER ALL THE DOPE IN THE G.A.Y. BULDING TO ME...
YEH, YEH SURE RAT.
BUT NICK.. NICK. PLOOVER WOULD NEVER STAND FOR SUCH A THING..

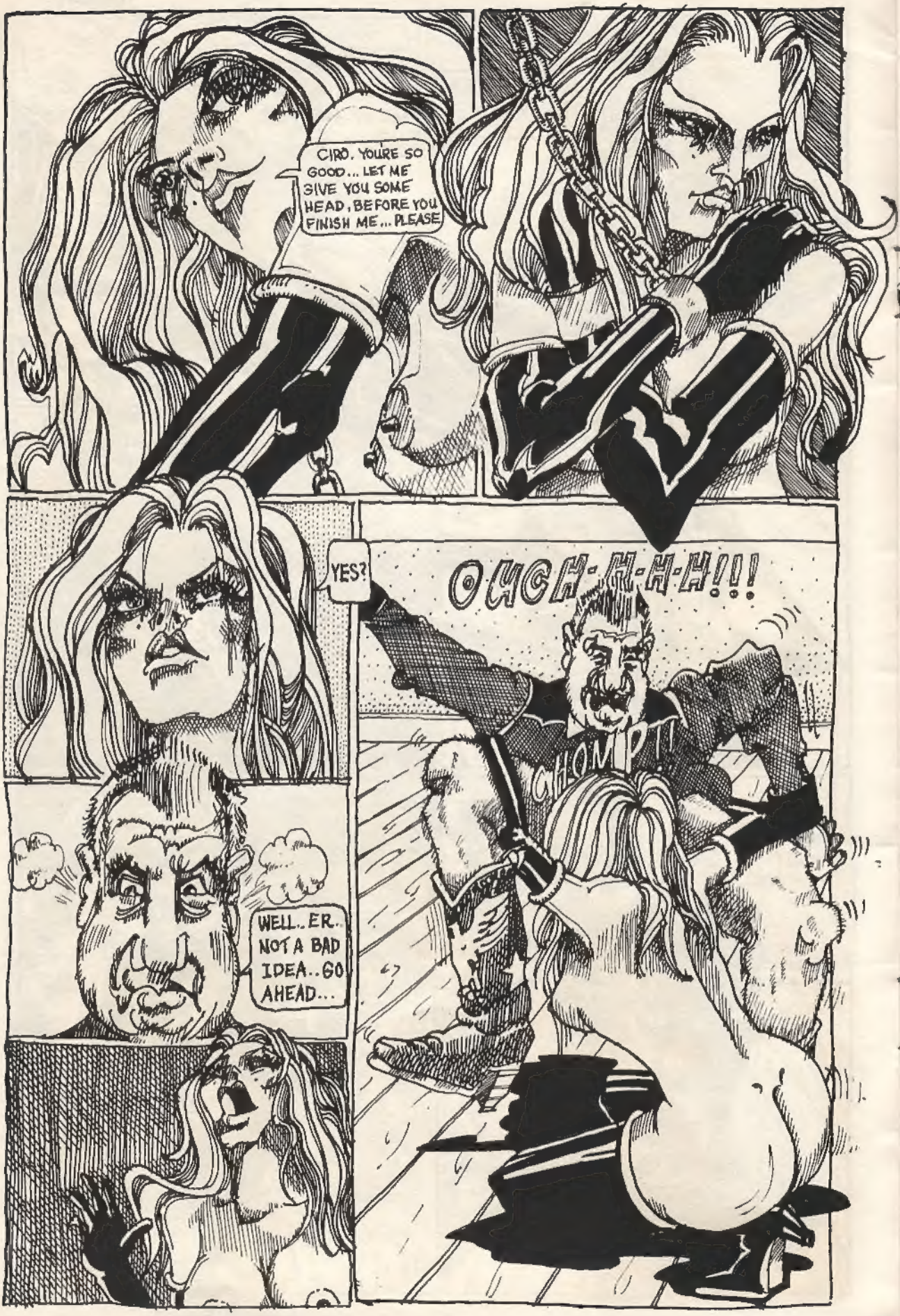

YA DIDN'T LET ME FINISH POPS. NEXT, YOURE GONNA TURN OVER PLOOVER TO ME...
NICK, WHY WOULD YOU WANT K. BEGGAR PLOOVER
WELL YOU SEE NELLIE'S GOT A NEW WAY OF CASTRATING, AND SINCE ITS HER BIRTHDAY COMIN, I THOUGHT....
NICK! HOW DARE YOU, THIS IS AMERICA, THE LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE BRAVE, YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER HUMAN BEING AS A PRESENT,
I LIKED IKE


A PHONE RINGS IN AN ABANDONED RUBBER FACTORY DEEP IN THE HEART OF MUSCOGEE....
RRHNNG!
HELLO!
FAGNEW THIS IS LYNDYN BYRD, MAYOR OF MUSCOGEE NICK LOVE AND HIS LOUSY LIBERALS TOOK OVER THE TOWN... YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!!
RING-RING
I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG AND TO THE... HUH! THE PHONE IS RINGING I BELIEVE...


WHAT ABOUT THE REDNECKS I LEFT IN YOUR TOWN...
TOO LATE, NELLIE KNOCKERS CASTRATED THE ONES NICK LOVE AND RATFACE DIDN'T KILL OR TORTURE..
HAVE NO FEAR FOR MY ARMY OF SIX FOOT RUBBERS WILL DESTROY THEM!!
AT LAST, YOURE GOING TO BE MY FAVORITE TROPHY FAGNEW!!
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE MY DEAR. SEE THIS BOX IN MY HAND. ALL I NEED DO IS THROW IT DOWN AND HUNDREDS OF SIX-FOOT RUBBERS WILL JUMP TO LIFE...
I'LL CALL THAT BLUFF FAGNEW!!

VERY WELL !!
KAZOP
THE RUBBERS JUMP TO LIFE AND SURROUND NICK AND RATFACE...
KILL
KILL!
KILL
KILL!!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
THE RUBBERS THEN BRING NELLIE TO FASHIONS FACTORY HIDEOUT...


GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN!!
YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU AIN'T GONNA CHAIN ME UP AND FUCK ME...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME
HOW'S THIS CUNT!!
OH! OH-H OH-H-H... YES, YES MM-M-M-M


CIRO. YOU'RE SO GOOD... LET ME GIVE YOU SOME HEAD, BEFORE YOU FINISH ME... PLEASE
YES?
WELL..ER.. NOT A BAD IDEA..GO AHEAD...
OHGH-H-H-H!!!
CHOMP!!

EXIT
WHERE'S FAGNEW?
AH-SHIT!
TOO LATE GUYS I ALREADY CASTRATED HIM!!

POOR FAGNEW, HE NEVER KNEW WHAT BIT HIM!!
YEAH, THOSE RUBBERS NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT 'EM. HEH, HEH!!
WELL, ITS BACK TO THE SECRET BIKER CAVE, MAYBE ON THE WAY WE CAN TEAR UP SOME JOHN BIRCHERS...
LOVE
magnel-stainty-'72
End

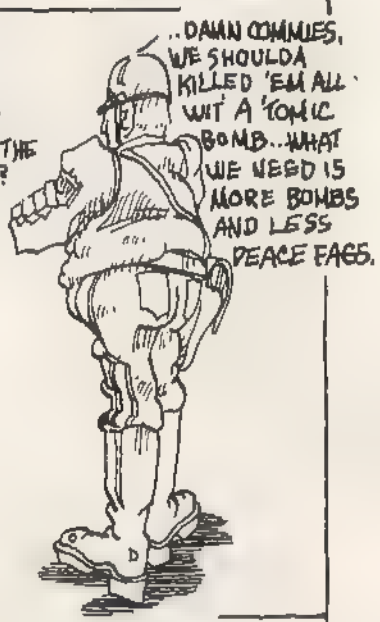
COLONEL VIRILE
I'M GONNA GET ME SOME OF THOSE HIPPIE DIPPIE COMMIE-FACIST LOW LIFES, WITH THERE COMMIE VENERIAL DISEASES ... GOD BLESS SPIRO AGNEW AND PRESIDENT NIXON.. AND MAY BILLY GRAHAM KISS, THE POPES ASS!!!
BY DAY, EDGAR BIRDSONG IS JUST YOUR RUN OF THE MILL ROTO RUTO MAN.. BUT WITH HIS DOSE OF ASPRIN, HE TURNS TO COLONEL VIRILE OF THE MUSCLE PATROLE ...
THERE'S ONE NOW!!!
AHHA, THAT HIPPIE COMMIE-FACIST LOW LIFE, I THINK I'LL SWOPE DOWN ON HIM, AND TEAR HIS COMMIE VENERAL BODY TO PIECES!!!

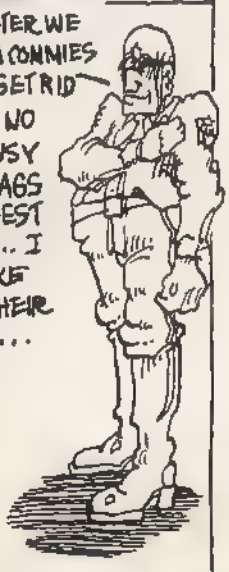
YIKES!! WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU??
I'M COLONEL VIRILE OF THE MUSCLE PATROLE, AND I'M GONNA TEAR YA UP, YA LOW LIFE HIPPIE NIGGER LOVER!!!!
NO! WAIT, I'M ON YOUR SIDE, IM--
PREPARE YOURSELS FOR A VIOLENT AND FEROCIOUS, FINAL FREAKOUT, FAGGET!!!

THE MAD COLONEL POUNDS THE PUNK TO PIECES...
A-A-I-E-E-E-I-K
..IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE AND J. EDGAR HOOVER, I'LL THRASH YOU TO OBLIVION!!!
THIS IS IT... HIPPIE FAG CREEP
OH CHRIST.. CHRIST.. IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME... THIS ONLY HAPPENS IN THOSE PRE-VERTED UNDER-GROUND BOOKS. LIKE ZAP!!
WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE FAGS WALLET.. WHATS THIS!!! ...SGT. OSCAR P. SCHWENFORTE, FEDERAL BUREAU OF NARCOTICS.. JESUS!! AN UNDERCOVER COP...
WELL, I CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE, I GAVE HIM EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW HIS IDENTITY.. THE WAY THINGS ARE THESE DAYS. YOU HAVEN'T GOT TIME TA READ THE BOOK, YOU GOTTA JUDGE IT BY IT'S COVER
End.

THE INTERVIEW

LARRY FREE, MILD MANNERED STAR REPORTER FOR THE CONTROVERSIAL NEW LIBERAL MAGAZINE 'HASH'.. IS INTERVIEWING PATROLMEN REDMAN S. NECK, HE'S BEEN PRAISED FOR SHOOTING TWO HIPPIE DOPE DEALERS IN THE BACK OF HEAD, WHILE THEW WERE HANCUFFED TO A PARKING METER... HE WAS AWARDED THE PATROLMEN OF THE MONTH AWARD...



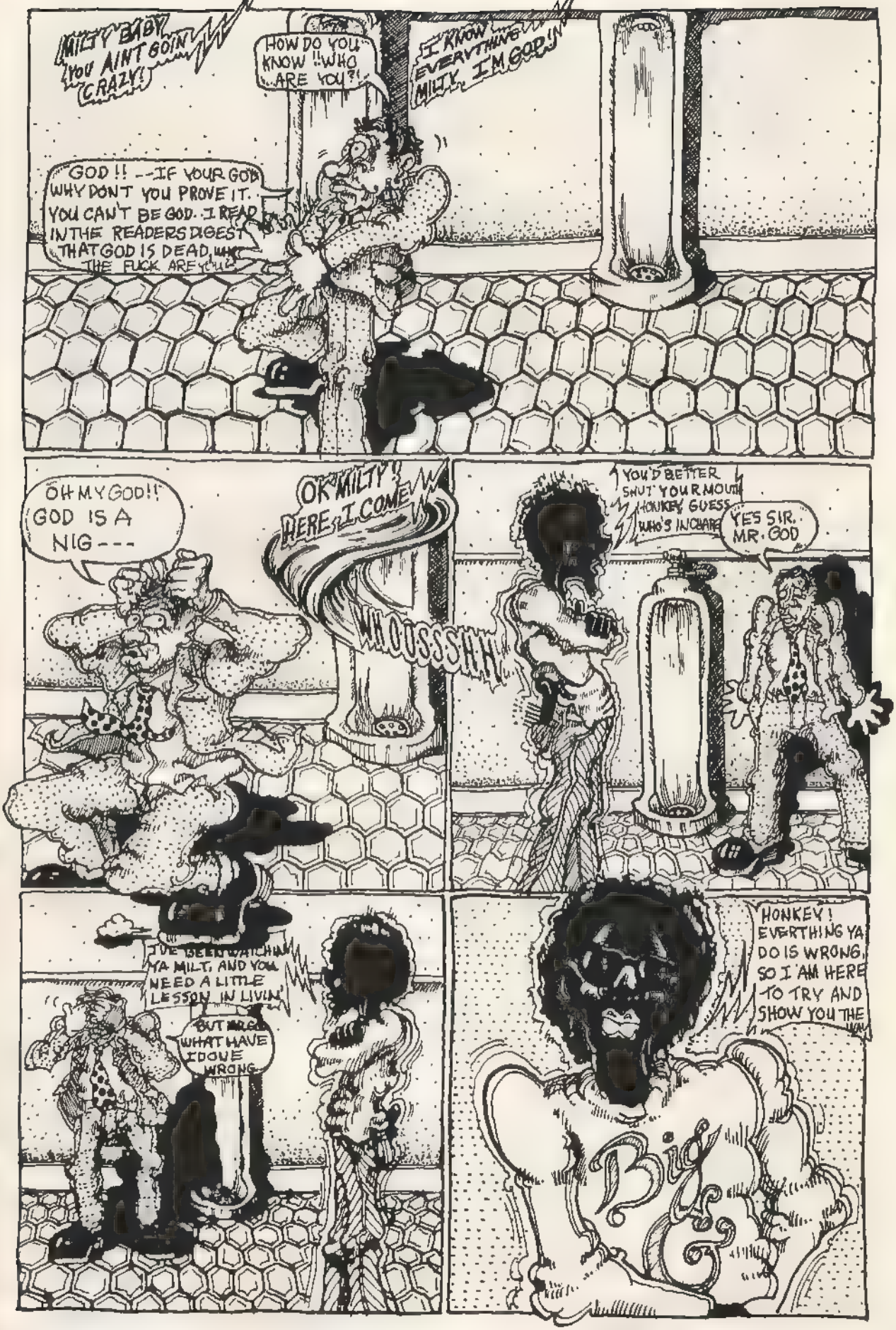

...YEH. AN AFTER WE MASH 'DEM COMMIES WE CAN GET RID OF 'DEM NO GOOD LOUSY HIPPIE FAGS 'DAT INFEST AMERICA.. I SURE LIKE BUSTIN THEIR HEADS...

RED WOULD YOU TELL OUR READERS WHAT THE WORD COMMUNIST MEANS TO YOU!
..BA..DA.., I..UH... THINK IT MEANS QUEER..
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT RED..
CAUSE ALL 'DEM QUEERS IS COMMIES AND ALL 'DEM COMMIES IS QUEER...
...WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE KENT STATE SHOOTINGS...
I THINK THEY SHOULD'A USED MACHINE GUNS...
..WHAT! RED, THE DEMONSTRATORS WERE UNARMED...
YEH, BUT THE GUARD WOULD'A KILLED ALL 'DEM PUNKS..
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE PROBLEMS THE MINORITIES ARE HAVING IN OUR COUNTRY..
..WELL LARRY, THIS AIN'T FER PRINT, BUT I GOT SECRET INFORMATION DAT SAYS ALL DEM KIKES AND NIGGERS IS TRYIN TO INFEST 'DA GOOD YOUTH OF DIS COUNTRY BY SPREADIN' SYPH AN' DOPE ADDICTION..
..REALLY RED, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS INFORMATION...
WELL LARRY, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I BELONG TO A SECRET SOCIETY...
OH COME ON RED, JUST A ITSY BITSY HINT..
OK, OK LARRY, ALL I'LL TELL YA, IS THE FIRST WORD..AN' DA LAST LETTER. ITS THE JOHN B. SOCIETY. BUT I'LL BET YA'LL NEVER GET IT IN A THOUSAND YEARS... HAW, HAW
WHATS THIS SOCIETY CALLED RED..
— SORRY, LARRY I'M PLEDGED TO SECRECY

GEE RED YOU SURE ARE SMART..WHAT DO YOU DO AT THESE JOHN B. SOCIETY MEETINGS..
..WELL SOMETIMES WE PLAN ON HOW WERE GONNA SAVE 'DA COUNTRY FROM 'DEM KIKES, NIGGERS AND COMMIES.. AND SOMETIMES WE THROW DARTS AT PICTURES OF MARTIN LUTHER KING AND MOSHE DAYAN.
I CAN SEE YOU LEAD A FULL LIFE, RED HOW DOES ALL THIS EFFECT YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR FAMILY...
'DA WIFE KNOWS SHE'D BETTER LIKE IT OR ELSE...
YEH, AND I'M RIGHT PROUD OF HIM TO..THAT BOY HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR... JUST FOR FUN HE DRIVES THROUGH NIGGER TOWN AND SHOOTS 'DEM SPOOKS WIT ROCK SALT..
WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN RED??
YOU KNOW LARRY, YOUSE A MAN..IF MARY DONT LIKE SOMETIN' I DO..I JUS' BEAT HER OVER THE HEAD 'TILL SHE SEES THINGS MY WAY...
WHAT ABOUT YOUR SON RED, ISN'T HE AN HONOR STUDENT AT THE POLICE ACADEMY...
..BUT RED, ISN'T THAT ILLEGAL...
WHO YOU TELLIN WHATS ILLEGAL AN' WHATS NOT. WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KINDA NIGGER LOVER...
LISTEN YOU PUNK I DIDN'T LIKE 'DA LENGTH OF YOUR SIDEBURNS WHEN YOU WALKED IN HERE... YOU'D BETTER WATCHIT.
NOW RED, CALM DOWN I'M JUST TRYIN TO CONDUCT AN INTERVIEW WITHOUT TAKING SIDES..

PATROLMEN NECK PLEASE QUITE DOWN SO WE CAN FINISH..
I'LL BET YOUR NOTHIN' BUT A FUCKIN' FAG!! YOU A COMMIE TOO??
I'M SORRY PATROLMAN NECK..I CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER WITH YOUR HOSTILE ATTITUDE.. OUR READERS WILL BE...
H-M-M-M..
SNAP
TAKE THIS YA COMMIE FAG...
BLAM!
COMMISIONER, DIS GUY WAS DEFINITLEY A COMMIE..
DONT WORRY RED, YOU'RE A GOOD COP I'LL MAKE SURE THE JUDGE GIVES YOU A JUSTIFIBLE HOMICIDE RULING...
'TANKS COMMISIONER..
AFTERALL..HE WAS INTERFERING WITH AN OFFICER WHILE ON DUTY, DISTRBIN THE PEACE.. BIEING A NUISANCE
WHY, DIDN'T YOU SAY HE THREATED YOU WITH EXPOSURE
YOU HAD A DUTY TO PERFORM, HE WAS OBSTRUCTING THE COURSE OF JUSTICE.. YOU HAD THE RIGHT... WE NEED MORE MEN LIKE YOU TO SAVE OUR COUNTRY..
GOD BLESS AMERICA..
YES, GOD BLESS AMERICA..
Enid

MILTON MAYLOX
HARD-CORE STRAIGHT
MILTON IS BUSY TRUCKING DOWN BROADWAY..
JESUS ITS GREAT TO BE AN AMERICAN..I THINK I'll DROP BY THE POLICE STATION DURING MY LUNCH HOUR,AND TELL THE BOYS WHAT A GREAT JOB THERE DOING...
MILTON!
HUH, I THOUGHT I HEARD MY NAME... MUST BE SOME OTHER HANDSOME DEVIL WITH THE SAME NAME...
MILTON! MILTON!
WHA!! WHO SAID THAT? MUST BE THAT SIX PACK I HAD FOR BREAKFAST GOTTA CUT DOWN AFTER All, I'M A FINE UP-STANDING CITIZEN HERE..
MILTON DECIDES TO DUCK INTO THE SUBWAY TO HIDE.
HE WHIPS OUT A DIME, AND DASHES INTO THE JOHN,
MILTON!
I CAN'T BE LOSING MY MIND.. NO! NO! All THOSE PEOPLE ARE STARRING AT ME.. I'D BETTER RUN INTO THE SUBWAY..BEFORE THEY THINK I'M NOT NORMAL.. AT LEAST I CAN HIDE HERE...
OH MILTY!
IT'S TRUE, I'M LOSING MY MARBLES, WHAT WILL MY BUDDIES THINK WHEN I'M COMMITTED..THINK OF THE SHAME...


MILTY BABY, YOU AINT GOIN' CRAZY!
HOW DO YOU KNOW !! WHO ARE YOU?!
I KNOW EVERYTHING MILTY, I'M GOD!!
GOD !! --IF YOUR GOD WHY DON'T YOU PROVE IT. YOU CAN'T BE GOD. I READ IN THE READERS DIGEST THAT GOD IS DEAD, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU?
OH MY GOD!! GOD IS A NIG---
OK MILTY! HERE I COME
WHOOSSSHH
YOU'D BETTER SHUT YOUR MOUTH HONKEY, GUESS WHO'S IN CHARGE
YES SIR, MR. GOD
I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' YA MILT, AND YOU NEED A LITTLE LESSON IN LIVIN'
BUT WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG
HONKEY! EVERTHING YA DO IS WRONG, SO I AM HERE TO TRY AND SHOW YOU THE
Big E

LOOK! YOU IDIOT! I CAN SEE THIS IS GOIN TO BE HARD. WE'LL START WITH THE PLEASURE OF THE FLESH.. YOU BEEN EYEIN THAT FOXY LITTLE PUSSY IN YOUR OFFICE
OH NO GOD, I HAVEN'T, I HAVEN'T, I NEVER
HONKEY YOU IS A BARE-ASS CHICKEN... YOU NEVER SO MUCH AS SAID 'I WANNA SUCK YOUR PUSSY TO HER.. WE'D BETTER START SOMEWHERE ELSE. HOW 'BOUT ALL THE BEER
BEER'S THE NATIONAL DRINK.. IF I DIDN'T DRINK IT, MY BUDDIES WOULD CALL ME A COMMIE, OR WORSE A LOUSY POT HEAD.. AT P.S 191 MR HOMO, THE PHYS ED TEACHER WOULD LET ME DRINK BEER, AND DO EXERCISES WITH HIM.
AHHA, NOW I KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS MILT!
YOU'RE A FUCKING CANDY ASS FAGGET!!
OH PLEASE MR. GOD, IF THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME.. PLEASE TELL ME...
YOU KNOW, THOSE EXERCISE MR HOMO WAS DOING WITH YOU...
YES??
WELL, HE WAS FUCKIN YOU IN THE ASS.. HAW HAW
OH, GOD, NO! YOU MEAN.. I'M.. I'M A A CLOSET QUEEN, OH NO! NOT THAT, BUT YOU'RE HERE TO HELP ME, RIGHT YOUR THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN. WHY, YOUR GOD, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING HERE
REMEMBER WHEN YOU ALMOST CALLED ME A NIGGER?
YES SIR!
WELL... SOO LONG FAGGET!
WHOOSSHH
OH MY GOODNESS.. WHAT SHALL I DO. IF THE WORD GETS AROUND, WHAY, WHAT CAN I DO... I KNOW I'LL ASSUME THE IDENTITY THAT ALL THE CLOSET QUEERS MUST KEEP IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.. THAT OF THE TYPICAL ALL-AMERICAN, HARD CORE STRAIGHT... YES THAT'S IT!!
End
Mogull-Shrintz '72

RICO
THE COP
H·M·M·M GOTTA FIND ME SOME HIPPIE CREEP BEFORE THE DAYS OVER. YEH!!
POLICE
AH! HERE COME TWO OF 'EM NOW...
LOOKIT 'DA HAIR ON DAT FAGGET, I'LL BET HE GIVES GOOD BLOW JOBS, HAW, HAW...
HEH DAT GIRL HE'S WITH DONT HAVE NO BRA ON SHIT! SHE SURE HAS A NICE SET!!
SHE'S A SWEET PIECE OF ASS!! CHRIST! I'D LIKE TO GET MY MEAT INTO HER !!!
HOW COME ALL THEM LONG HAIRED FAGS, GET ALL THE TOUGH ASS. ITS TIME I GOT WHATS COMIN TO ME...
HALT!!!
YES OFFICER, CAN WE HELP YOU..

We didnt do anything wrong...
Shut the fuck up, Wierdos, I'm gonna search 'ya all for dope...
start marchin down this alley way...
Now.. take off your clothes...
...what, you can't make us do that!! you PIG!

resisting arrest... take this you fag..
BLAM
BLAM
Now, you little wierdo, freak Pill Popping, DOPE PEDDLING cunt.. I'm gonna show you what a real man is like...
SLUSH
SLUSH
NO! HELP!!
A-A-I-I-E-E-I-I-E
SLOP
SLAP
SLAP
POLICE

Haw. I shoulda run 'em both in for disturbin the peace but she was a PRETTY good piece of ass. haw, haw, guess. I'll go back to the station, and see if da boys brought in any female impersonaters..
I'm glad im a cop, otherwise my city might be overun by perverts and wierdos. It's my duty to protect the people of this city.
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
End

TRAVELLING ???

We make by HAND.....
·travel bags·
Passport cases·
·wallets·checkbook cases·
leather-covered wine flasks·
shirts·belts·skirts·vests·
---at the leather shop on 37 St. marks
WOODVILLE canal COMPANY

Sunshine & Sons
DWELLINGS & DESIGNS
CARPENTRY-LOFTS-APARTMENTS
GENERAL
and
CONSULTING CONTRACTORS
CALL
-JM-
212-982-2295

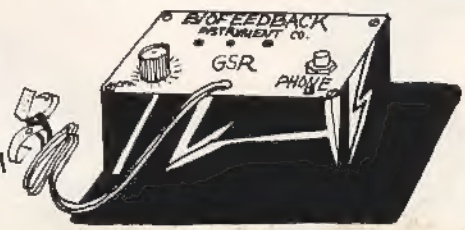
?LOSING CONTROL

GET IT BACK WITH GSR BIOFEEDBACK!

IT WILL TURN YOU ON TO:
MEDITATION..
MIND CONTROL
CONCENTRATION
RECALL
GENERAL HEALTH IMPROVEMENT

BIOFEEDBACK DETECTS THE CHANGES IN SKIN CONDUCTIVITY AND CONVERTS THEM INTO AUDIBLE TONE CHANGES. THE GSR BIOFEEDBACK CAN GET YOU TO A POINT OF CONTINUAL EMOTIONAL TRANQUILITY.

YOU GET FOR $39.95
- GSR BIOFEEDBACK
- 23 PAGE MANUAL
- EKG SENSITIVITY CREAM
- WARRANTY



WRITE:
BIOFEEDBACK INST. CO.
45 FIRST AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

m.j. mcguirl